

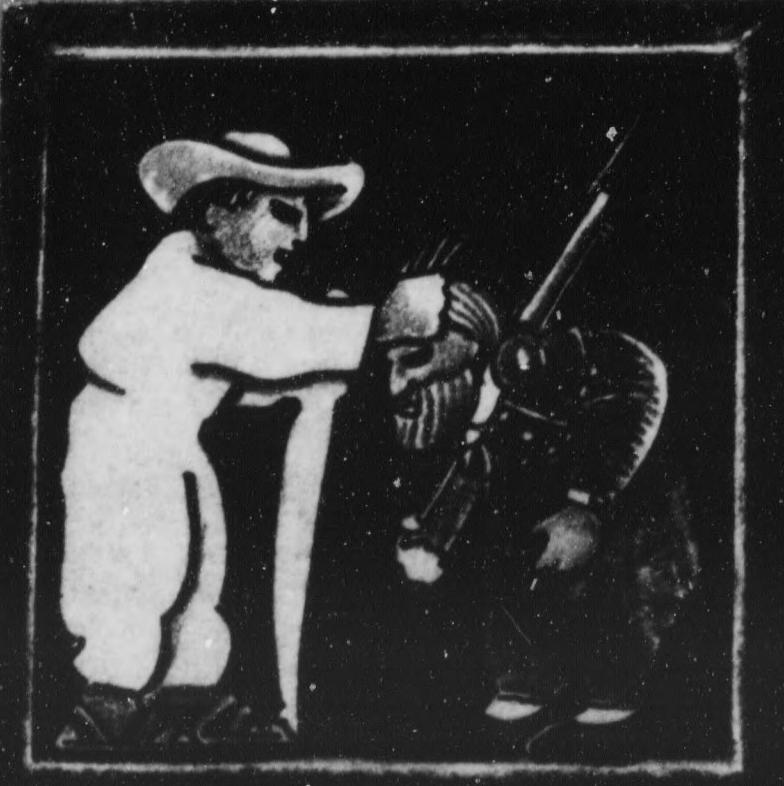
HORNET SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

5 de MAYO

A CELEBRATION OF HERITAGE

On May 5, 1862, Napoleon III's battle-hardened French troops were resoundingly defeated by a smaller ragtag Mexican army at Puebla, Mexico. Since that victory, Cinco de Mayo has been cause for joyous celebration. Mexicans remember the day not only because their army was the underdog, but also because it was the last time foreign troops invaded North American soil.

Mexican iconography often depicted humans by showing the enemy being held by the hair. This illustration honors more ancient masters.



Acknowledgments

by Jose Lott and Delfina Vargas

We have taken advantage of a very significant celebration, 5 de Mayo, to present to the public a glimpse of the Chicano culture. This supplement includes a selection of art and commentaries by CSUS Chicano students, staff and friends. Through their work contributors expressed individuality in an effort to gain understanding and equality.

Since the European encounter the history of Mexican people has always been a struggle for survival. But it is the strength and a spiritual force, handed down by our ancestors, that keeps us fighting to maintain our identity and heritage.

We hope that this supplement will aid in sharing our cultural celebration with others and not mourn over the tragedies that occurred in our past.

It is important that we move on without forgetting but definitely

forgiving.

Although we could not include many talented works for lack of time and space we appreciate their contributions: Jesse Arellano, Olivia Castellanos, Mario Gonzalez, Martin Gonzales, Ed Mendieta.

Besides being a terrific Editor-in-Chief, Tricia Reader is also an understanding friend. She saw the need for such a supplement and gave us her blessings. Thank you Trish!

Many people on *The Hornet* staff often asked, "How's the Cinco de Mayo supplement coming along?" This shows their concern, interest and good wishes. Thanks guys for recognizing us.

Thank you Misti for sharing your very helpful copy editing knowledge with us beginners.

Bob thanks for being Bob and for taking time to explain and guide.

A million thanks is not enough when it comes to Christopher McSwain. We will forever be thankful for your knowledge, understanding and sense of humor. Let's do it again next year!

Although we are proud of what is accomplished here, we question why it took two Mexicans and an Anglo to produce a supplement, and why this is not an annual project. Everyone has something to contribute to make this a multi-cultural campus. This, of course, is just a small step.

5 de Mayo special section staff

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Jose Lott

Section Editor
Christopher McSwain

Assistant Editor
Delfina Vargas



Jose Lott

A Mi Herencia Morena

(To My Brown-Skin Heritage)

by Martha Alicia

A mi raza, a mi tierra,
a mi gente de bronce,
a los que adoran la vida,
regalo de cinco soles,

A ellos que son lo mio
los que el corazon me abren,
los que me han estimulado
mirar nuevos horizontes,

A mi raza la mística,
la guerrera, la noble,
la trabajadora, la sabia,
al Mexicano de bronce.

Son humildes campesinos
y grandes emperadores,
reyes de la naturaleza,
mi cultura de Corte.

Tiene un corazon honesto
que es regalo de los Dioses,
el Mexicano que ama
con nobleza y sin reproche.

Mas solo quiero decirles,
que son gente muy recta
porque llevan innata
una indigena herencia

Nuestro sueño es volar,
como esa aguila fiera,
que sube con arrogancia
despues de matar culebras.

Porque mi raza busca
la armonia con la Tierra,
la cual aman y quieren
porque son parte de ella,

Yo dedico estos versos
a esa gente morena,
la cual corre en su sangre
dignidad y nobleza.

Es el Sol nuestro padre,
nuestra madre es la Tierra.
El Sol que da luz
y cada dia nos alienta,

es el padre que duerme
de noche tras las estrellas
y a la mañana siguiente
nos abraza y calienta.

Y la madre adorada,
nuestra madre la Tierra,
somos hijos pequeños
que con maiz alimenta.

Porque tiene el Mexicano
humildad y nobleza,
sencillez y esperanza,
en su alma morena,

El universo a sus plantas
le hace gran reverencia,
a mi raza destacada
por bravura y resistencia,

Pues su vida sacrifican
por alguna causa buena
cuando sienten en peligro
su armonia con la Tierra,

Por eso digo y repito
con orgullo "deveras,"
Yo dedico estos versos
a mi Herencia Morena.

La Raza Students: The Struggle To Keep The Door To Higher Education Open

by Angela Ramirez

The Student Movement of the 1960s:
The Chicano student movement came to life in the 1960s during a radical upsurge to protect the civil rights of people of color. This was a struggle against racism and oppression allowing us the right to self-determination and an equal education.

Often the 1960s and the Chicano student movement is misinterpreted as a period where students were radical and sometimes violent.

To some degree this view was true, but violence was usually a reaction to racist attacks against La Raza by police and right-wing reactionaries. During the Chicano Moratorium against the Vietnam War in 1971, it was no coincidence that 300 policemen in riot gear greeted peaceful marchers with tear gas upon reaching their destination.

Students had realized that they would have to face difficult battles in order to ensure the rights for people of color and be equally represented. As faculty or campus, equal funding to school district in Chicano, Black, Asian, and Native American neighborhoods, bilingual education, relevant curriculum, and history that included the significant contributions of our people were means of representation.

Chicanos have made significant

a higher education.

3. State universities have increased the requirements for regular admissions at time when the high school drop out rate for students of color is 50 percent and higher in some areas.

4. Special admissions programs such as EOP and Student Affirmative Action are being phased out and refocused. These programs serve as support services in the recruitment and retention of underrepresented students.

We are led to believe that conditions are improving and the opportunities for students of color are better than ever; racism is an issue of the past and the goal today is to build a multi-cultural campus society.

Just how much better are conditions?

Between 50-70 percent of Chicanos, Blacks, Native American, Filipinos and Southeast Asians drop out of high school in California. Less than 30 percent of the Chicano/Latino and Black high school graduates enter college. Of that number 75-80 percent are in the community colleges. Only 4 percent of this population in community colleges ever transfer to four year institutes. At CSUS only 23.8 percent of the Chicano/Mexicano students graduate in their fifth year of school and 40.5 (less than half) will graduate dur-

See **Education**, p. 7

History Of Mexicans In The United States

A Struggle Of A People In Their Own Land From 1800s To '90s

by Sam Rios

On February 2, 1848, the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo was signed between Mexico and the United States. Under specific articles of the treaty, land, culture, civil rights, and religion were guaranteed to Mexican people who opted to become citizens of the United States.

But two years later, however, in 1851 the California Land Law, which followed the California Foreigner's Tax Law of 1850, deprived Mexicans of land and property. The Mexican community became divided between the wealthy "Californios" and the poorer classes of Mexicans called "Cholos."

In the 1850s Mexicans began to experience increased racism from the Anglo American 49ers who rapidly began to outnumber the Mexican population. Social protesters like Joaquin Murieta and Tiburcio Vasquez became hunted "outlaws." By 1854, Mexicans already represented 20 percent of the San Quentin prison population. Social protest and Chicano organization continued through the 1800s to World War I in 1917.

The Mexican Revolution of 1910 brought many migrants to the United States. By 1930 more than one million Mexicans had arrived in the U.S. The "Great Depression" of 1929 coupled with the refugees of drought induced "dust bowls" of interior America influenced the border patrol to roundup and deport 300,000 Mexicans under the Immigration Act and Box Bill of 1924.

In the 1940s Chicano union activity spread beyond agricultural jobs to the packing sheds and canneries. In spite of continued racism, Chicanos fought for the same liberties and rights that G.I. Joe fought for in WWII. Receiving more War decorations than any other ethnic group in the USAA, their position in status as "Americans" was re-established when a Chicano Congressional Medal of Honor awardee was refused burial in his home town of Three Rivers, Texas.

In the 1950s Chicanos continued their struggle for equal employment and social and political representation. They fought and died in the Korean War and on the home front as the experience of the "Pachuco" era of the 40s became the focal point for law enforcement action against the Chi-

ceno community. Chicano youth became more aware of racism and the contradictions of "American" society as the Chicano population continued to be under-educated

to defend the Chicano community and were in part responsible for raising a Chicano consciousness among the youth with their "Junior Beret" organization in the high schools.



Felipe Magdaleno

and under-employed. The Walter McCarran Act of 1952 put "Operation Wetback" into motion and by 1955 over one million Mexicans were deported to Mexico.

In 1960 the national census documented the socioeconomics plight of the Chicano. Their per capita income was \$968 as compared to \$1,044 for blacks and \$2,047 for Anglos. Even less fortunate were the farm workers who in 1962 began to organize with Cesar Chavez as their leader. From the factories to the fields to grounds of Universities, Chicanos began to be heard in growing numbers. The civil rights movement of Martin Luther King arose an awareness in La Chicanada of the injustices of a two class system.

By 1966 Chicanos encouraged by the Civil Rights Act of 1965 are led by Corky Gonzales of Colorado and his Crusade for Justice, Jose Angel Gutierrez in Texas and "La Raza Unida" and Reies Tejerina Lopez in New Mexico's fight for land rights. Chicano advocates, protesters, change agents and visionaries begin to encourage Chicanos to demand accountability from social and political agencies. Education becomes a central issue.

Demands to educational systems to address the reality of the bilingual bicultural Chicano are emphasized in high school walkouts, protest marches and demonstrations at major universities.

The militant Brown Berets join in 1967 the social protest movement and under the direction of David Sanchez provide security for major Chicano demonstrations and marches. By decree they swore

In 1968 El Plan de Santa Barbara, outlined by Chicano faculty, students and community people at the UC Santa Barbara established the format for Chicano Studies and MEChA clubs at colleges and universities. The following year (1969) the Crusade Justice held the first of what was to be an annual Chicano youth Conference in Denver and adopted the "Plan de Aztlan" as a program for action in all areas of the socio-political educational system of the Southwest United States.

In the 1970s a Coalition of Chicanos organized. The August 29 "Chicano Moratorium" in Los Angeles was organized to protest the condition in which Chicanos must live and work; the high dropout rates; the over-representation in Vietnam War casualties; the under-representation in city, county, state and federal employment, under-enrollment in institutions of higher education; the lack of bilingual social services and educational programs, thirty thousand Chicanos were attacked by an army of police officers leaving many dead, including the Los Angeles times reporter and writer, Ruben Salazar.

In August 1972, the Brown Berets occupied Catalina Island in a symbolic display of Anglo occupation of Mexican land during the past century.

A year after the occupation, from lack of support from the Chicano community and continual harassment from State and Federal law agencies, the Brown Berets disbanded.

Chicano educators and researcher began to form associa-

tions in the mid-70s including the Chicano Social Science Association which developed into the National Association for Chicano Studies (NACS). The NACS national conference drew over 1,000 participants to the land of Aztlan in Albuquerque, New Mexico this year.

In the late 1970s many of the gains of the earlier years were lost due to change in perspectives of government agencies and their "Hispanic" advocates.

Private enterprise began to see the economic potential of the buying power of the Chicano/Latino population. The Heritage Foundation and Coors began to fund right-wing organizations to oppose the gains of the Chicano association. Many federal community projects funds were cut by zealous advocates of an anti-communist orientation. Using red-baiting tactics and the old stereotype notions that Chicanos and bilingual individuals were a threat to the United States and the "Free World", red-neck racism became the rallying focus of political ideology which has deliberately set out to undo civil rights gains of the last twenty years.

The '80s were supposed to be "the decade of the Hispanic" according to Newsweek, Time and other magazines. Yet, during the last decade Chicanos have in fact lost many of the gains made in the '70s. The '80s show a sharp decline in the number of Chicano

graduates from major colleges and universities. The number of Chicano dropouts continues to grow.

The Chicano Movement of the '60s and '70s was not only an awareness of Mexican-Indio roots, but an awareness that we as Chicanos must not be party to the oppressive mentality which advocates a two-class system consisting of "whites" or "near-whites" in the upper classes and people of color in the lower classes. Color and class boundaries have always been the issue and simply labeling Chicanos/Mexicanos as "Hispanics" does not eliminate racism and discrimination. In fact, it confirms the notion that the Chicano population in the United States is an internal colonized ethnic minority with a colonizer's label. It is a basic patron-peon relationship which few Chicanos recognize and one which many "Hispanic patrons" want to maintain.

The "Hispanic" over layer placed by the Washingtonians as a buffer zone between the masses of the poor in our communities and access to socio-economic equality will be the focus of community action in the 1990s and beyond. It will be historically, as it has been in the past — a battle between gente de la Raza and the tapado yoyotazin Gachupin.

Sam Rios is CSUS director of Chicano studies and professor of anthropology.

No Me Llames Hispanic

by Concha Saucedo

No me llames Hispanic
His Panic or Her Panic
ni de el, ni de ella
No soy nobody's Panic

¿Que vengo de Hispañola?
— o de Paniclandia?
¿O quizas me tienen panico?
¡No! Chale!! No me llames Hispanic.

En un pasado permiti ser llamado
Meskin, Greaser
Chili Eater, Taco Bender y hasta Spic
Pero ahora, chale! y menos Hispanic

¡Mira, siquieres, llamame Indio
Mexicano
Raza o Latino
con todo respeto,
Porque la pura verdad es que soy Chicano!



The Barrio Artist/Teacher

by Jose' Montoya

Pa' los del RCAF

Because to create
Is to give life
The Barrio Artist/Teacher
Commits acts of Love...
And risks
Semming selfish.

But

To look into
The eyes
Of a child
Discovering
The magic
Of color
Amidst squalor—

To see
A stone
Vato loco
Caressing
A ball of clay—

To discern
A wrinkled smile
As knurled
Fingers forget
The pain of aging—

It has to be a
Selfless
Selfishness.

© 1975





Flash Flood

by Sam Rios

Nacido alla en la montañas
High in the Sacred Land
A cumulus nimbus chorro
of life
I steam down in rivulets
to cactus covered sol seco
Gullies and settle
In the curves and crevices
of your parched llano
tlaloc generates the forces
that drives me to the
gentle peloncio slopes of
your land
I stir and swirl
across my water walled path
a furious passion
for your valleys of comfort
touching you with
loving longingness
I soak your precious tender
landscape
and sow seeds of life
Xhochil children blossom
and reach brown hands to
the sky
La Tierra smiles in
multicolored beauty
Raza flores nopal y tunas
la vida for you and I



Carlos Zamora

My Brother Who Fell

by Francisco J. Dominguez

Reynaldo was an Indian from Mexico
Big warm crocodile smile
Chiseled jade face of the Mayan earth
Jet black rain fores thick shoulder flowing hair,
he wore a neighborhood honor regalia
A short muscular Buffalo-Deer boy of 16 years
who owned the 100-yard dash
Ran even swifter than the black kids
Guardian Warrior Child of my barrio
You didn't mess with Reynaldo
He could whip your ass double quick
Reynaldo cruised low in a white '64
prowling asphalt covered mother earth
Almost as in tribute, almost as in celebration
Whatever he chose to do, he was the baddest,
mas chingon
The dope ghost caught up with him
Mota, Purple Haze, Mad-dog 20-20
Reynaldo was full blown
Social Metamorphosis downer of spirit
Beautiful young Indian, my homeboy
Turned cold, jagged, empty spaces showed up.
The fall was fast through our glass,
metal, asphalt training playground
The day after 4th of July I heard the news
He was fucked up on qualudes trying to beat
the train by going through the cross bars
on Florin Road by lumberjack
He died in a twisted heap
we rode out the rest of the summer
with a collapsed lung
with one less dream.



Alicia Gonzales



The Legacy

by Tiffany Ana Lopez

There are some photographs that haunt.
Ghosts of the Delano valley and vineyard families
who lived in the rising dirt inside studded strong homes,
houses with a third floor where
there are no windows,

only the imagination of a lonely boy
going up there for the stifling quiet
up, away from the crawl space under the house
where untamed cats live.
Black cats, calico cats, gatas.
No one can touch them there.

The photograph's
black and white
unsmiling faces haunt;
a gentle drunken man with wide eyes
waiting for watching;
a hardened working woman
whitened as the fresh tortillas she made everyday
for the seven children
the photo shows all
standing at attention;
four in fear, three in defiance,
all with scuffed shoes and tight lips.

This is the photograph that haunts my tio's home.
It stands over the fire
on the mantle bricks
with the untamed cats
there with no petting.
The photograph eyes alive;
my tio's eyes like the man's
watching him,
reminding to never let go
of ghosts and grapes,
things picked in the valley.

New Women's Writing Group Promotes Chicana Expression

A new organization has emerged on campus—the Chicana/Latina Literary Association. The organization, a result of the fine efforts of Professor Olivia Castellano of the English department, is a unique group on campus. The association, comprised of Chicana/Latina graduate and undergraduate students at CSUS, seeks to do what no other Chicano organization on campus has done: help foster the literary aspirations of Chicana and Latina women on campus.

The founding members, Castel-

lano, Maria Chacon, Leticia Koshfam, Maria Mejorado-Torres, and Aida Molina, hope their organization accomplishes several goals: (1) promote, within the CSUS English Department and on campus the study and appreciation of Chicano literature, (2) offer support for Chicana/Latina students in their writing efforts, (3) create a mentoring/partnership atmosphere for Chicano students seeking to study literature, and (4) develop a much needed network for Chicanas seeking information

on scholarships, career opportunities, etc.

The members invite those interested in the organization to attend one of their meetings: Please contact the English department for the CLLA's meeting schedule. Although the members are in the planning stages of the association, there are hopes for many literary and other activities. This dynamic group is certainly one to watch, as they grow and meet their objectives.

Migrants Exceed at University

by Angelica Vargas

CAMP (College Assistance Migrant Program) is a federal-funded project designed for students that come from migrant and seasonal farm working backgrounds. Its goal is to increase the number of students who earn degrees at the university level.

The CAMP project at CSUS began in 1981. During its first year of existence, CAMP recruited approximately 30 students. Currently, CAMP has assisted over 250 students.

Saint Edward's University in Austin, Texas was the first campus to implement the CAMP project in 1972. Later, four other universities became affiliated with CAMP. CSUS was one of them.

CAMP offers students financial and academic assistance, tutoring, advising and counseling services. Unfortunately, because of federal regulations, CAMP only assists students during their first year, which is the most crucial for many new students. However, at the end of the year, many students are transferred to programs like EOP (Educational Opportunity Program), MEP (Minority Engineering Program), and others.

The students currently enrolled in CAMP are grateful for the assistance and for the encouragement CAMP has offered them. The success of former students proves that CAMP is working; the students learn new ropes, and how to work in a university environment.

Mid-Morning Coffee Break

by Jesse A. Arellano

What is the good i am to emphasize
The mundane task of taking a breath
Only to realize that it must be free
Free of what

Free for what
For perpetuating a tasks of life
For not a single soul to share it with
No this infinite task is not alone
In its simplicity of anguish and joy
Mingling with all the supporting cast
In this a most tragic tragedy humorous scale
Laughs overlap one another in a corner cafe
Conversing drones of queen life
Do their dance to the roar of fumigated streets
An occasional derelict man crosses a path
Not for any reason-simply that it is there
Being watched by the most silly jester
Penning prose of not a single parameter
To be met or beheld for not but
A single breath set free



Alex Marin

Standing For Justice, Equality and Self-determination

MEChA (Movimiento Estudiantil Chicanos de Aztlan) was initiated by the famous high school "blow-outs" of East Los Angeles when students walked out on strike against overcrowded and underfunded schools, poor curriculum material, and lack of Raza faculty. Youth also supported the United Farm Workers (UFW) in their efforts to fight against low wages and hazardous working conditions of the farm workers. As students and community members, we united against "migra" (Immigration and Naturalization Service) raids on our people and struggled to make

colleges and universities open the doors of higher education to people of color and serve the needs of our communities.

For Raza students, the '60s was a time of ripping through the lies that said our people were too lazy or too stupid to go to college. It meant forcing the system to hire bilingual/bicultural staff and fund Chicano Studies. To win these demands our brothers and sisters in MAYO (Mexican-American Student Council), UMAS (United Mexican-American Students) and later MEChA, after exhausting all channels of communications, were left no options but to reor-

ganize ourselves to demand what is rightfully ours. They organized sit-ins, boycotts, strikes and rallies. Some were arrested, some were expelled. But through their sacrifice and efforts they won many victories which paved the way for us to be able to go to school today, just as we shall continue to win today and in the future.

During the past three years, MEChA has continued to grow and develop. We have continued to stand for the rights of our people

on the campuses and in the community. In 1985, we took another important step by organizing a Statewide MEChA Task Force on Educational Rights. The Task Force has been able to pull together information on educational issues relevant to our Raza, organize regional events and lobby the legislature on our behalf.

Every year, on campuses, in our state wide conferences, we bring together hundred of new Raza students who are anxious to work in the service of our people.

Together, we represent a new generation of Chicano/Latino students. As such we have the responsibility of upholding the tradition and history of MEChA and all that we have stood for. MEChA belongs to the Chicano people, to our families and to us. In our hands, it is a tool for the liberation of our people. We stand for justice, equality and self-determination for all Chicanos and we will accept no less.

Compiled from a MEChA organization handbook.



Significant Theater From Teatro Espejo

by Maria A. Chacon

Under the able direction of Professor Manuel Pickett of the Drama Department, The Chicano Theater Company, better known as Teatro Espejo, has flourished since its inception in 1980.

Teatro Espejo began in 1978 as a barrio-based group composed mainly of community members and students. Since that time, El Teatro Espejo has become the official Chicano Theater Company of CSUS. According to Pickett, Teatro Espejo, while being affiliated with CSUS, is also an independent theater company, with both a national and international reputation.

Teatro Espejo is unique in its

approach to the performances it produces. Teatro Espejo uses the process of collective creation to develop its plays. The actors, through careful research of a specific theme, select issues they wish to improvise. These issues are shaped into solid scenes and then woven together to form a cohesive story.

The company realizes the importance of the works they perform, and the significance these works have on the Chicano community.

Teatro Espejo believes that the artistic quality and the ideological integrity of its work must always be in its purist form.

Education, from p. 2

ing their seventh year, according to the Department of Institutional Research.

Students of color around the country are protesting the elimination of programs and services. They are demanding that they be reinstated and/or develop new effective programs.

On April 5, 1990, law students nationwide held a student strike. The students rallied against weak affirmative action policies for the hiring of faculty.

In late March of 1990, UC Berkeley students took over two campus administration buildings demanding an end to racist policies blocking ethnic faculty members from tenure.

On our own campus, a series of three different forums rallied hundreds of students. In meetings of standing room only, ASA (African Student Alliance), MEChA (Movimiento Estudiantil Chicano de Aztlan), NAIA (Native American Indian Alliance) and Asian students united to present testimony on racist incidents that occurred on campus. A list of demands were presented to the President Gerth that dealt with the elimination of campus racism. To this day, we hold the same demands. MEChA stands firm on these list of demands.

Our main issue is the development of a Multi-Cultural Center to be located on campus (in a location we choose — not in the reserve book room where the uni-

versity administration wants the center to be located).

Some students do not understand the issue of affirmative action and the need to focus our issues on the recruitment, retention and graduation of students of color.

The fact is that some of the greatest attacks on our civil rights have occurred in education and the future for our younger brothers and sisters is not as secure as we are lead to believe.

We need to invest our interest on campus affairs and work together to keep the doors to higher education open for us and future generations.

Angela Ramirez is CSUS MEChA education coordinator.

I Am Joaquin

(an excerpt)

by Rodolfo "Corky" Gonzales

Here I stand
before the court of Justice
guilty
for all the glory of my raza
to be sentenced to despair.
Here I stand
poor in money
Arrogant with pride
Bold with machismo
Rich in courage
and
Wealthy in spirit and faith.
My knees are caked with mud.
My hands calloused from the hoe.
I have made the ando rich
yet
Equality is but a word.
the Treaty of Hidalgo has been broken
and is but another treacherous
promise.
My land is lost
and stolen,
my culture has been raped,
I lengthen
the line at the welfare door
and fill the jails with crime.
these then
are the rewards

this society has
For sons of Chiefs
and Kings
and bloody Revolutionists.
Who
gave a foreign people
all their skills and ingenuity
to the way with Brains and Blood
for those hordes of gold starved strangers
Who
Change our language
and plagiarized our deeds
as feats of valor of their own.
They frowned upon our way of life
and took what they could use.
Our Art, Our literature
Our music, they ignored
so they left the real things of value
and grabbed at their own destruction
by their Greed and Avarice
They overlooked that cleansing
fountain of
nature and brotherhood
Which is Joaquin.

"Corky" Gonzales is a major figure in the Chicano movement. "I Am Joaquin" was written in the late '60s.

Students Express Their Cultural Richness Through Their Art

by Jose Lott

A very much needed arts organization was started on this campus in the spring of 1989 to represent the ethnic artists—Liberating The Arts.

The purpose of this organization is to bring ethnic artists of all disciplines together to provide support and promote the uniqueness of expression that ethnic artists offer on this

campus. Since the genesis of this organization the Chicano faculty and staff has provided inspiring support. The result has

been a very enriching experience for the students who participate in this organization.

An organization like this has the potential for a cultural impact on this campus and on the struggle of the Chicano people. Accomplishments have been made by the people here and in other societies by the proper use of artistic expression. Ethnic art is constantly being mocked, ignored or attacked by the established art patrons.

Fortunately, Professor Olivia Castellanos could not and did not

put up with this. She followed her vision of creating a multicultural organization that would bring talented students together.

Liberating The Arts is committed in extending its support to all multicultural artists. However, so far the group has been predominantly made up of Chicano students. A primary purpose of the group has been to provide support for all art form that presents ethnic students' talents and interests.

Jose Lott is a Hornet graphic artist and president of Liberating the Arts.

Moreno, from front cover long struggle with a foreign culture. I found that most kids in school did not speak Spanish. To my surprise, these students did not dress the way I did. In first grade I remember taking off my poncho on the bus before arriving at school so the kids in school wouldn't laugh. Before arriving at home I would put my poncho back on so my mother would not be angry.

Yet, my biggest struggle was in learning the English language. It was even a struggle just to interact with my teachers, not to mention my peers. Somehow, looking back I sense the frustration my teachers experienced with me. My interest in learning had disappeared before ever beginning. In my own frustration and embarrassment—because I was not able to read—I receded further into myself and eventually became very shy.

In elementary school, the teachers would test all the children in order to place them in reading groups. The groups were assigned depending on reading skills, comprehension, and vocabulary. The top children were assigned to level five. The next group was level four, then three, and on down to the lowest readers in group one.

I remember the day the teacher read off the assigned groups, "Lisa, Kevin, and Adam, you three are in group five," she said, reading from her list.

The teacher went on down the list assigning the children to groups. I anticipated with eagerness to be assigned at least to group one even though it was the lowest group. I remained hopeful.

Finally, when she read off the last group, I felt cheated when she left me out. I felt as though she had

purposely forgotten me.

The teacher asked, "Is that everybody?" Slowly, and very afraid of bringing too much attention to myself, I raised my hand, almost as though I hoped she would not see me.

"Oh, Mario, you will be in a separate group over there," she said, as she pointed.

Slowly, as I lowered my hand, I turned to see where I was assigned. I can still remember that awful lump in my throat. I wanted to cry because she had pointed to the corner of the room, the same corner where all the kids would go for punishment. My eyes began to swell and before anybody could see, I looked down in futility.

I now recognize that part of my problem was all the migrating my family did. We would return to school late from the summer because we were out going from crop to crop. My summers are filled with memories of

long hot days picking and nights too short to play. We picked tomatoes, peaches, pears, olives, prunes, walnuts and returned to school happy to have a refuge from the crops. Unfortunately, when we returned most kids were already settled in school. School had been in session probably a month before our enrollment.

My focus soon changed from continued failure in the classroom to a renewed image on the playground; the class bully. In retrospect, it was the only way I could feel competent.

In class I continued to struggle until finally in the third grade I was informed that my teacher

would not allow me to proceed to the fourth grade. Basically this meant that I would be held back or in playground lingo, I would "flunk."

That November, my family traveled to Mexico as our family always did, which meant missing more school. My parents enrolled me in a Mexican school. It was in this school that I first experienced success. I received an A in all of my classes, proving to myself that I was smart. I began to understand that my only obstacle was a lan-

"I now recognize that part of my problem was all the migrating my family did. We would return to school late from the summer because we were out going from crop to crop."

—Mario Moreno

guage barrier. When we returned to the United States, I returned with a new commitment, a new freshness, and most of all a new perception of myself.

Although my attitude had changed, I had returned to school too late to make enough of a dramatic improvement for my teacher not to hold me back. Hence, I was not to proceed to the fourth grade. I would remain another year in the same grade. Once again, just as I felt I was making progress, my problems were compounded by new evidence of failure.

In spite of my constant problems, I graduated from junior high with an optimistic outlook. I

viewed high school as a place to improve myself once more. In sports, I joined the wrestling team and became the second freshman ever to make the varsity squad. It was here that I encountered what possibly is one of the lowest points of my high school experience.

My troubles began in science. I simply became overwhelmed and couldn't figure out the assignments or the lectures and consequently, did poorly on the tests. Although I wanted to try, I didn't know where to start. I would sit at home and stare into that science book for hours, yet I just could not reach out and grasp any of the concepts. I felt that old frustration set in — the more I struggled, the deeper I sank. I was too ashamed and embarrassed to ask for help from the teacher. I didn't even want my family to know that I was flunking almost all of my courses. Fi-

nally, at the end of my first semester, I received marks that were all below a C-. In view of my low marks, I began to re-evaluate my goals in school. I began to ask myself such questions as, "are these courses too difficult?" ... "did I study enough?" ... and "should I stay in school?"

My mother and father began to discuss the possibility of my helping the family by working on the farm. I felt a need to contribute, yet the thought of spending my life on the farm sent chills through my body.

"One more chance ... just one more chance." It is here that I heard of a program called Upward

Bound. The program took students who had the will to achieve yet needed some assistance.

"Maybe this was the chance I needed," I remember thinking. I applied to the program even though I knew very little about it. Within a month, I was scheduled for an interview with the director.

The only thing I remember from that interview was that one principal question she was asking: "If you were given the means to go to college, would you go?"

With one question, the director opened my eyes to possibilities completely beyond my imagination.

I looked at this lady and with as much conviction as possible, I answered "yes." It was almost as though she had handed me the key with that simple question. That night, after that interview, I sat up staring into the darkness of the room that I shared with my brother. I softly whispered to myself, "yes, I will go to college." At the same time I could hear my mother saying the rosary in her bedroom, the way she always did before going to bed. But tonight everything was different because tonight Mario had decided to go to college.

I graduated in May, 1988 from California State University, Chico with a B.A. in Information and Communication Studies and a minor in Art.

Presently, I am pursuing a Master's of Art in studio art at CSUS. My goal is to teach at a junior college. I have come to the realization that only through education can we as Chicanos, begin to strive for a better life. We cannot allow ourselves to waste in the "Me" generation of self-indulgence.



Ricardo Favela